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Bard

= = = = =

Your delicate laptops
make you wear backpacks
walk bent in the fresh day.

17.III.12

= = = = =

Accept this moral
directive from a sinner
I know what you want
because I know what
everybody wants because
I know what I want
so be careful of me.

17.III.12

= = = = =

It's all right to feel
what I feel
as long as I don't
let myself feel it.

17.III.12

FOREST

So where the trees peter out
the trucks slow down
drivers sleep at the side of the road

woodpeckers rattle over their dreams
nothing is close nothing is far
it's like the thought of a woman

stepping into a sacred pool
three thousand years ago
and nobody watching, not even me.

17 March 2012

= = = = =

Called by the other

I guessed my self

but I'm still just hypothetical

a conclusion drawn

from specious reasoning.

I mean from skin.

17 March 2012

= = = = =

Bird hopping around in the bush
or is it a jogger way up the road?
Eyesight like creation is a marvel,
unreliable.

17 March 2012

= = = = =

SPRING SPARROWS

How fast they fly by the window!

It really makes you think.

But what, what?

17.III.12

NEIGHBORS

They take better care of their lawn
than I do of my mind.
I'm still littered with last year's books.

17.III.12

= = = = =

Barracuda or better
we shark each other
till no blood's left
then drown. Blame
the environment, blame
my hand or your shoulder
not moving, no caress,
just a live thing still
weighing you down.

17 March 2012

= = = = =

I'm just walking on the sidewalk
boring as a dry-goods store
minding nobody's business
not even my own when
the sun comes out and
stuns me with glory. Do I
deserve this? Does anybody
deserve anything? said the sun.
And the sun said I love you
I can't help it, all
I know how to do is shine.

17 March 2012

= = = = =

Will I be at the end of the day
before it begins?
What can you do but wait and see.

17.III.12

= = = = =

So the lines in our palms
we always thought were marks of our characters
(such as they are, Libras are free
of such things as personality)
(or are only personality and no core)
(like Pessoa whose name means 'person' but who
was everybody but no one in particular)

are really the lines that stretch
out from this palm (the one that thinking
and imputation and old habits
think is mine) all the way out
to someone new, someone you,
somebody with hands of their own

and that is what lines are, she told me,
a line has two ends, a line
gets all the way there, not a segment,
a line goes all the way, a line,
so simple and irresistible a thing,
an everlasting in-between.

17 March 2012

= = = = =

Irish is as Irish says it does
but secretly it swims, a salmon
among Semites, a pig among
gentiles, a half-caste in a windstorm,
a stalk of celery no beast would eat,

but mostly it's a seal among women
and a gull over all, you know it's Irish
by the way it screams in the sky.

17 March 2012

= = = = =

Day to quiet
all I know
into belief
that modern thing
the other
side of the window
where the birds are.

18 March 2012

YEW

“Birds fond of that tree
you planted” she
said as if we were not we
who bought it and had
a man now vanished
set it and two others
beside it on the berm
before our window
and the road looked on.
Should I smile and be smug
and take credit for the birds?
As if the birds could care
who gave them their tree.

18 March 2012

NOTHING TO DECLARE

Nothing to remember
or all need nada nada
my father on the telephone
said his name as not a burden
nothing to remember
a woman who liked cheeses
be fragrant with fondness
tea-tree in my hair
how is a photo of a light different from the light it shows
advancing autos
restless motility measures roads
highway to Brighton
minor miracles of license plates
spell her name for me
how strict the rules of the land
be absolute my darling
we fall in love with alien modes
we fall in love with how people talk
the syntax of their difference
a text in love with the later work of Béla Tarr
in that country they all come from somewhere else
but in our furrows a-run with blood
be brave in not knowing
smooth body of your back

the never-seen apocalypse of now
rien de grave
suppose they really could know what you're thinking
do you call it thinking
that mash of images and grammar thick inside
somewhere your brain can hear it
tell me again how wonderful I am
I begin to forget
I demand an irresponsible closeness
people are what they want not what they get
dissonance between image and real estate
where you live is your overt meaning
everything else is accident
write small so the ink will last
a giant Shadow writ on thy small Earth
a day without color soft as a kiss
delicate busses of a blood relation
someday though remind me of this.

18 March 2012

THE KNOWLEDGE

London cabbies know their twenty-thousand streets
and what do we know? What are our taxonomies,
the pretty pockets we stuff our little knowings in,
the recognitions, the masterworks, the venial sins?
Or are they mortal? How do we tell them apart,
the way we tell pornography from high-class art?
Or can we? Do things decide where they belong,
and we follow meekly, trying to hum along,
never being sure of the words or the meaning
but still we're able to find them the next morning
mostly, though who knows how many fine things do get
lost in the night, things we can't manage to forget?

18 March 2012